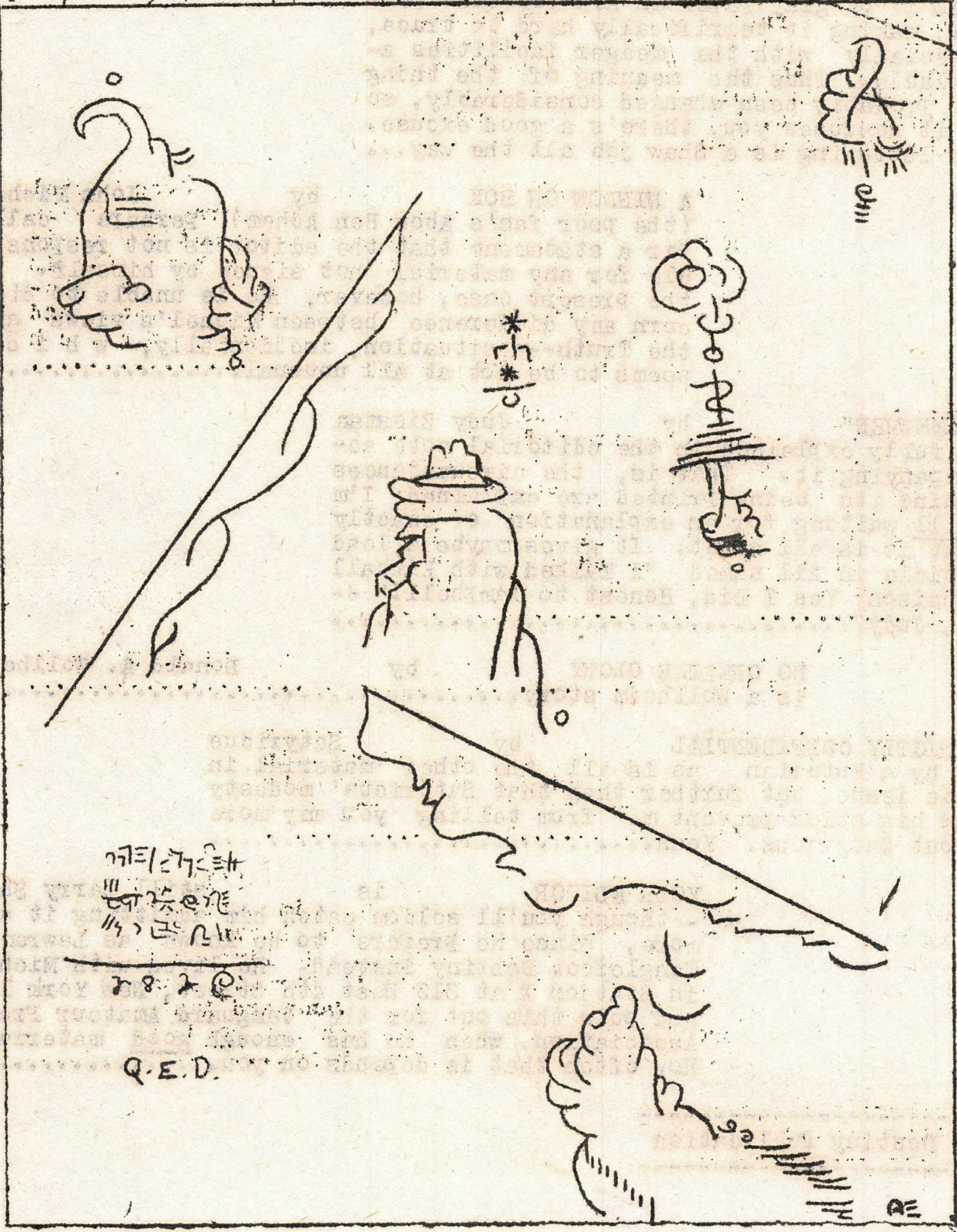


# BANSHEE



Handwritten text in a non-Latin script, possibly Hebrew or Yiddish, consisting of several lines of characters.

Handwritten text in a non-Latin script, possibly Hebrew or Yiddish, consisting of a few characters.

Q.E.D.



THE COVER by R W Lowndes  
was transferred to the stencil by a process best described as "translating." Doc drew it on gray paper in non-too-soft pencil, making it terrifically hard to trace, especially with the meager facilities available. Thus the meaning of the thing has probably been changed considerably, so if it confuses you, there's a good excuse. The lettering is a Shaw job all the way...

A WINDOW ON BOK by John Michel  
(the poor fan's Abou Ben Adhem) perhaps calls for a statement that the editor is not responsible for any material not signed by himself. In the present case, however, he is unable to discern any difference between Michel's views and the Truth--a situation, incidentally, which seems to be not at all unusual.....

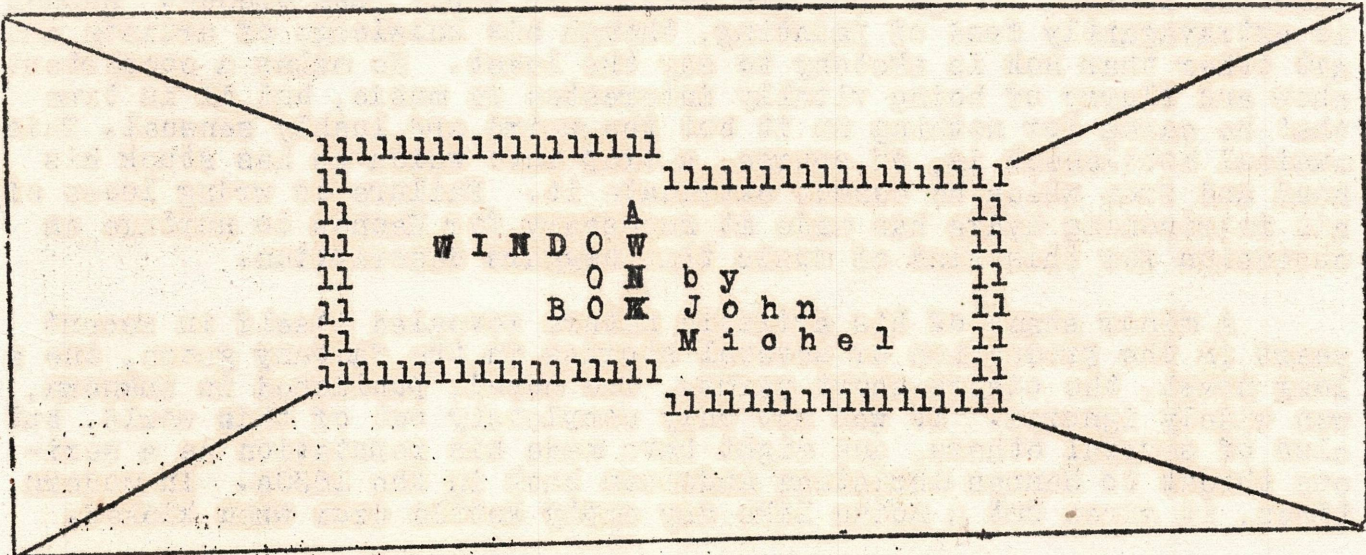
"TIMEWHEN" by Judy Zissman  
is fully explained in the editorial note accompanying it. That is, the circumstances behind its being printed are explained; I'm still waiting for an explanation of exactly what it is all about. It gives maybe a lead article in 211 named "I Talked with Kimball Kinnison; Yes I Did, Honest to Campbell!" --ch, Judy?.....

NO GREATER GLORY by Donald A. Wollheim  
is a Wollheim story.....

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL by Satyrius  
is by a Futurian, as is all the other material in this issue, but further than that Satyrius' modesty and big stick prevent me from telling you any more about Satyrius. Yeah.....

YOUR EDITOR is still Larry Shaw  
--though you'll seldom catch him admitting it any more, since he prefers to be known as Lawrence Tanglefoot Destiny instead. He lives with Michel in Station X at 313 West 4th Street, New York 14, and puts this out for the Vanguard Amateur Press Association, when he has enough good material. How often that is depends on you.....





If memory serves, Hannes Bok first appeared on the artistic scene sometime during one of the halcyonic revivals of *Weird Tales*. I vaguely recollect the period as being something under ten years ago. Like young Lohinvar he came out of the West. The storied rum-pus that followed was brother to the tale, but it has yet to be said that Bok has trapped his Muse for a bride.

For quite a period he was merely an embryonic storm rumbling on one of my horizons. Then, through the medium of the PSNY, I was introduced to Bok. The first impression was pleasantly turbulent. It was very difficult, of course, getting one's bearings on Hannes. He is now and was then geographically unstable and can no more remain calm, quiescent and rooted to one spot than can a cockroach. Consequently, due to the lightning blue streaks that passed my field of vision on that and succeeding occasions, it took me literally years to even assemble a fairly stable mental image of our artist. This I finally succeeded in accomplishing in 1941, during which year Hannes painted my portrait, and while I was forced to remain as stiff and immobile as a mummy for over four hours, his own lebensraum was limited to the square of the canvas. I took a look.

Solidified, Bok is an ingratiating character. This I can judge of mine own knowledge and also from that of numerous acquaintances who have met him and been conquered. The general impression seems to have been a pot-pourri of slightly strained hospitality, sprite-like enthusiasm, a crushing penchant for imparting gossip of the most stale and insipid brand imaginable and a distressing narrowness of interests, these being neatly packaged in two vessels, one painting, the other music; with strings of assorted other passions flying like rags on the wind from the carefully tattered pockets of his eternal blue jeans.

Possibly I am not a competent judge of these outward manifestations of the inner man, my sole glimpses of Hannes in action being widely spaced, staggered and very shadowy still-lives flashing by once or twice a year. However, the substance of my observation is



conclusive in that the former vessel is a jar of much greater weight than the latter, though both are relatively empty when opened. Hannes is extravagantly fond of painting, though his knowledge of artists and art other than Bok is sketchy to say the least. He makes a consistent show and flurry of being vitally interested in music, but it is true that he cares for nothing in it but the weird and lushly sensual. This musical bottleneck is, of course, a trap into which he has stuck his head and from which he cannot extricate it. Failure to wring loose of his imprisoning hydra has made it necessary for Hannes to nurture an obsession for this kind of music that beggars description.

A minor shank of his artistic nature revealed itself in recent years in the production of several stories in the fantasy genre, one a long novel, the others short yarns. The novel, published in *Unknown*, was widely ignored. It was not only completely out of this world, but also of several others, and might have made his reputation as a serious threat to Hannes Christian Andersen back in the 1830s. In modern times, it gives out a noise like any empty kettle drum when kicked.

Bok's shorter pieces have been wickedly precious, largely built of cardboard and aimed at the type of reader who faints at the sound of the word "charnel." His characters are necessarily flat, having no substance other than Hannes himself whose own connection with reality has the consistency of a tired shadow.

There have been rumors of vast novels, some in the detective field, at least one supposed to have been a blown up version of the lead novelette in any issue of a love pulp.

For a time Bok also produced and sold a number of science fiction magazine covers in color, and a plethora of black and white inside illustrations for the same market, all highly successful and the true basis for whatever reputation as an artist he possesses, which is considerable in the fantasy fan field, taking in about 500 people at most. All in all this cannot be considered a paltry sum. It is not likely to alter much for better or worse, but there it is.

He became a kind of fixture and destined for an odd immortality in 1942 when he was mentioned as an off-stage character in a pot-boiling detective yarn written by the young-hopeful Anthony Boucher, concerning itself with murder in the rocket tense.

This accumulated virtuosity could hardly fail to give me an expanded sense of my own importance when it will be remembered that brother Bok illustrated a humorous story of mine with a number of delicious caricatures. According to recent uppage in the price of Bok drawings they have multiplied their value many times and I would not part with a single fragment for anything less than a bent dime.

Aside from this my personal interest in Hannes Bok cannot be said to have differed a jot or tittle from any similar interest on the part of other devotees of the weird and fantastic. During the past five or six years I have been afforded, on various Bok holy days, rare glimpses of work in progress. His rate of production has been slow, limited to four or five non-commercial pieces a year, all meticulously hidden from my eyes until completion, due to a serious super-



stition held by Bok that any painting of his giving an eye-ful to the unwary onlooker, in a partially finished state, is bound to develop latitudinal and longitudinal cracks, turn sour overnight and fall to powder at the touch of a finger. In addition to his other work, Bok has also turned out a number of straight portraits, of which more later.

During this general period, in the meantime of which a world war had broken out and the planet was crumbling to ashes, I found it necessary to devote some time to evaluating Bok's actual standing in the world of painting. Clearly, judging from the various contradictions contained in his work, there seemed to be only a shaky foundation for the hosannahs rising from cheering throats, and it was screaming for air.

My qualifications for such analysis and evaluation are, to my knowledge, perfectly sound and valid; as good, indeed, as anyone's, and probably better than most, due to the fact that I have spent rather a considerable number of years as an onlooker in the entire field of art. All this does not mean that my criticisms are 100% correct, but at least it affords my mistakes the grace of being authoritative.

From first to last, there has always been much to criticise in Bok's painting. Being a gentleman, and painfully aware of Hannes' quaint habit of immediately excluding from his universe the unhappy critic who remarked that Finlay might have gotten a better grasp on this picture, or maybe the technique in that Bok masterpiece was a trifle sloppy or that it was only as good as the preceding work, I kept my mouth shut. I will admit to this being rather remarkable, as I possess perhaps the loudest mouth in stf, but there are a few daubs of delicacy still plastered on my soul.

Granted that the subject never amounted to much. I was and am a busy man, as most men and even most women are, and the importance of an artist who in the space of fifteen years of active work had gathered about himself an audience of pulp readers possibly should never have ruffled my thinning locks. But whose time is valuable?

Beginning such analysis was an unenviable job in the case of Hannes Bok. So much can be dug from a man's past and antecedents and the whole earlier part of Bok's life is, as far as I can determine, known only to his family and a few Gila monsters on the Mojave desert. Even such important data as the artist's chronological age is still, in his lifetime, a matter of debate. Bok himself has variously stated it as 28, 23, and 32 in my presence on separate occasions. To others he has mentioned 30, 20 and 35. Looking at Bok honestly I would put his actual age at something between 38 and 40. Intellectually it might be said that Bok is mature, if indeed an elfin spirit can ever mature. His emotional age can be safely judged from the subject matter of his serious paintings and they are the kind I was enjoying while also reading Penrod.

The opportunity to bring the whole matter to a climax arrived early in 1945 when Hannes had his first public exhibition, much material for which had been in preparation for many years, although the greater part of it was rushed to completion in a single twelvemonth.



These works were duly unveiled at an art gallery on 57th Street in New York City. Behind the glorious two weeks was the heroism of those who went on starvation rations, brave souls who contributed their old clothes and postage stamp albums that this thing might be.

The exhibition, which I attended in the company of a few Futurians, was a nasty shock. In the first half-hour or so I realized that the whole thing, from Hannes' view, was pointless, in the light of his oft-repeated pronouncements that he could not and never would paint to order, as doing this made him frustrated and nervous and he'd rather run an elevator anyway. The contradiction lay in the fact that in the event that the exhibition was a roaring success, he'd either have to paint to order from now until doomsday or else pocket the notices and reopen his shack in the Mojave.

To those who will claim that I am holding Bok to a foolish consistency, I can only say that in my opinion it is not too much to insist on any man's integrity. And if we are to dispute about the realities of the situation, its work-a-day aspects, then I can only point to the fact that such things have apparently never meant much to Hannes.

No noise I ever made could have spoken louder than the exhibition itself in demonstrating the essential shallowness of the Bok techniques and content. All knew what to expect. Surprise and display should have been missing elements, but they were felt only too strongly.

The body of the exhibition represented approximately two dozen pictures. A number, mostly small canvases, were old survivals of Bok's picture-book illustrating days. As a matter of fact they were illustrations. The technique was trite, stylized, glazed, easily recognizable as a type common to cheap books on children's toy counters in any five and dime. Their deliberately stilted lines froze them lifeless beyond the appreciation of all but the artless eyes of youngsters. In another technique were a half-dozen or so large, gaudy oils scattered about, interspersed between less glaring pictures. Studies in familiar grotesquerie, they bulked massively, glittering, full of brash, scorching colors, first cousin to the ripple finished calendar covers of the period 1920-30. These were the newest of the entire collection, painted on rough, dappled canvas, probably to give the effect of age and graven magnificence.

A third series, not more than two or three, bore a startling resemblance to the works of Maxfield Parrish. The resemblance might have been said to be more than just startling. It was Maxfield Parrish. Any of them might have been used as the back of a deck of playing cards or one of the puerile "classics" hanging in twenty million American homes. There were the same blue distances, the vast, tumbled masses of luridly-lit rock, the nymphs or suggestions of nymphs disporting in the cool, sapphire waters. Plainly, the bourgeois bedrock of the nation may be reassured. Parrish's technique will survive his death. It is played out, deadly, a romantic patch of decay on the whole canvas of art, but it will survive.



The balance was divided up into a selection of Bok's most serious (and, his own favorite) work, most of it years old, all deriving from his earlier period of formative creation. The subject matter was grotesque, in one or two instances baroque. Among these latter were three or four pieces of interest, stimulating by virtue of a successful blend of technique and content.

Pointedly absent was even a single example of Bok's portraiture. In this field he does not excel, but at least the technique may be said to be almost his own. It is, of course, rather closely duplicated by a thousand modern portrait painters. However, there is a certain touch that distinguishes the Bok portrait. It may be said to lie in an amazingly shrewd synthesis of face and character, bringing out a peculiar blend whose faithfulness to the original is commendable.

Singular about the paintings were their universal coat of varnish. Highlights glinted everywhere. Coat upon coat softening the harsher colors, bringing out the natural tints. The trick is, of course, an old one. Few authentic painters use it. It is dressy but artistically dishonest, covering up a lack of ingenuity and true artistic invention with a cheap, eye-catching gloss.

Viewing the collection as a whole, depressing conclusions were inevitable. Without a shadow of a doubt, Bok had proved his ability to shine in a trend of art so small as to be virtually invisible. And even here, in retrospect, he was no master, had produced nothing new, created little, drawn for most of his subject material on the written word. Ghoulies, goblins, ghosties, beasties, casting a conventional baleful glance upon the spectator, to whom variety in this metier soon proves monotonous.

That Bok is entirely capable of completely mastering most forms of commercial art cannot be denied. The majority of his techniques lend themselves admirably to the poster, magazine cover, penny-dreadful decorations, calendar sheets, the blowsy, lush, slick finishes of fanciful picture book illustrations to delight the eyes and minds of children. The roots of these techniques remain immovable, however, in the soil of the fin de siècle. They continue to feed upon the vitiated substance of a time already dead, but still not decently buried.

That he is utterly incapable of creating a modern content to suit his antiquated techniques is also true. The shoe can no longer fit and it is impossible to fill with flesh and bone a vessel made to contain vapors.

Even the most decayed and decadent of the great painters could not escape the life about them. Life emerged in their colors and canvases in whatever form, but it was there, moving and breathing. There is no life in the art of Hannes Bok. It hangs in a vacuum between abysses. In such instances in which he has had occasion to produce lithographs for sale by a large gallery, the technique itself was



not only completely inadequate to the subject matter (a country fishing scene) but could have been eclipsed by any graduate student of an advanced art school.

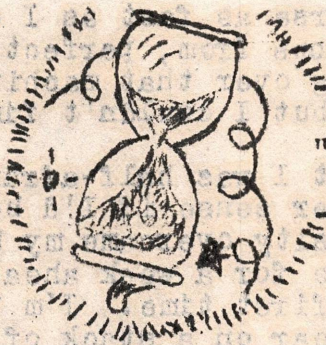
Bok's mediocrity in the field of living art is a tragic commentary upon any further progress he might strive to make. In my judgment he is bound about by iron walls of his own casting that will never collapse like Jerico's to give him freedom. We can admit a certain grasp and mastery of techniques, even though their origins are rooted in other meadows. But no supremacy in any phase of art, not even in the narrow reaches of his own choosing. Bok's imagination is his one great point and that coughs away its feeble life after the first dozen of the brand. Just so many bug-eyed monsters, so many writhing tentacles, unbounded abysses, cosmic fires. There is his limit, within which strictures he flounders as helplessly as a mouse in a jar of glue. From the standpoint of true fantasy, not the weak variety which is his forte, but that which gains rich growth in boiling, bubbling satire and tragedy, he is a billion miles from the summit of his mountain! Can he approach the sly, gaunt jibes of Artzybasheff, touch Arthur Szyk and his jungle magnificence? Has he ever produced an echo of the tragicomedy of Dali, probed in the human mind as deeply as Picasso, like Benton impaled the alpha and omega of emotion on the point of a single brush? Does Bok serve any purpose in art? Do any of his pictures make one laugh, cry, grow sad, gay, introspective, nostalgic, self-conscious, self-critical? No. In their empty sterility, his works cannot stir a single emotion, good or base. In their short-circuited sensuality they fail to excite the faintest appetites. As hollow as a paper lantern, they burn with a little heat.

He is cut off from the onward sweep of art, for today art and the artist must serve the needs of the people -- or perish. An unbridgeable abyss separates Hannes Bok from the attainment of anything in art pertaining to reality and life. This gap he can never cross. His face is set toward the past, his brush providing a few dull gleams to prettify the realms of a receding horizon. There will be no place for Bok in the ranks of the great artists, or even of the mildly successful hacks, for he has no direction, no compass to carry him through the present and coming storms to a safe goal.

There can be money, a hard-won but paltry fame among a group of people whose ranks have forever been as sparse as trees on a desert. But beyond that, nothing.

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" TIME WHEN "

By Judy Zissman

(Editor's note: While snooping --- it may sound blunt, but I would be a poor Futurian indeed if I didn't indulge in the practice --- through Judy's desk at Hangover House one day, I came across a carbon of a letter to her husband that looked interesting as all hell. On reading, it proved to be not only interesting, but extremely puzzling. Judy, however, wasn't talking; in fact, when I first tried to pump her about it, she made violent efforts to take the document in question away from me. Needless to say, she didn't succeed --- but she wouldn't explain what it was all about, either. It could, of course, be a well-planned hoax, but I'm not inclined to think so. There are strange depths to this Zissman woman.... Since this is an all-Futurian issue anyway, I'm printing the letter under my own title, ~~with~~ a minimum of necessary editing. Perhaps it will mean something to you; I'm stumped.)

Dear Dan,

I suppose I can't evade the issue any longer. You ask what I'm doing about our time machine idea -- and I suppose you have a right to know. You always said you thought my theory was a little oversimplified, and now that the results have proved you to be correct -- you can understand my hesitancy in admitting it.

I finished the machine from the blueprints you left when you shipped over. Your mechanics, by the way, turned out to be much better than my science -- the thing worked all right. I know it worked, because the first time I tried, I actually did succeed in going a week ahead into the future.

I didn't write to you about it then, or tell anyone right away, because I figured it would be better to wait the week out -- wait until I caught up with the time I had gone ahead into it, and had a chance to check results, and make sure I'd really gone there.

Well, I waited -- but of course, while I was waiting, I couldn't resist making some more trial trips.

The second attempt, I thought I'd just done something wrong with the controls -- and let me tell you, I was plenty scared for a while there, too -- because when I arrived, I was just noplac at all. No, I'm not kiddin' -- and I couldn't describe it to you for anything. It would take a Heinlein or a Stapledon to get down on paper that awful knowledge of 'nothingness' that I had.



Anyhow, I put the damn thing into reverse as fast as I could -- and landed right back where and when I'd come from, perfectly safe and sound. I put in a couple of days going over that machine with a fine-toothcomb to see what had gone wrong, but I couldn't find a thing.

I'm willing to admit at this point that I was half-afraid to try again.-- and I'd have shown a lot better sense if I'd been all the way afraid, too -- but, as usual, my curiosity overcame my better judgement. The third time I set the machine for a week ahead again -- everything exactly as it had been the first time. I'm positive everything was set the same way, and I'd swear on a stack of ghibles that there was nothing wrong with the machine -- it was all in working order, the controls were properly adjusted....

Only I didn't go a week ahead that time. Not in this cosmos, anyhow. Go ahead and think I'm crazy -- by now I'm not so sure myself -- because I landed in a two-dimensional world. And don't ask me to describe that one either. Just take my word for it -- it was two-dimensional all right.

When I got back that time, I had sense enough not to try anything more until the original week was over, and I'd had a chance to check on my first findings. Well -- the first trip was on the level -- everything happened just the way I'd seen it happen from the machine. I'm certain that on my first trip I went a week ahead into the future!

Once I was positive about that, I began making one trip after another. And out of fifty attempts, the only time I even hit earth, let alone the lab, was on that first try. Why it should have been the first one that was lucky, I couldn't say. Probably some minor god's poor sense of humor. But most of the other attempts were like the second -- just nothing at all. Space, and more space. Sometimes I'd hit one of the cockeyed universes we always sneered at in steffories; sometimes it would be a recognizable world something like our own. I'm just surprised, now, that I never hit smack in the center of a star, or collided with anything -- I'm beginning to realize it was nothing but luck that I didn't.

Sure -- we figured the space-time warp. And let me tell you, it took a lot more figuring to find out why that wasn't enough. Oversimplified isn't the word for it! I won't go into all the math of it here, because the censor would be sure to think it was code or something and kill the letter -- and anyhow I have to pay postage on this mess! But here's what it boils down to:

You know that in the three-dimensional universe we live in, no object can occupy two different points in space at the same time. In other words, we use a hypothetical fourth dimension, which we call time, to locate a three-dimensional object in three-dimensional space. Follow me?

Okay then -- take your four-dimensional continuum -- in which time is no longer the hypothetical fourth dimension, but the real one. Well, it's equally true that no object can occupy more than its own "point" in the continuum at the same "time" (using time, again, as the hypo-



thetical dimension). In other words -- in order to locate any object in the continuum -- we have to make use of a fifth dimension.

Specifically -- when our cosmos gets to any specific time, my lab will be at the spot we located for it by the space-time warp. But -- the cosmos has to travel through all of time -- and if time is a real dimension, and not just a hypothetical one -- can't do it simultaneously. One time out of fifty, I hit my lab, when I went forward into whatever time I'd set the machine for. The other forty-nine -- I went forward in time, all right -- only it just so happened that the cosmos was someplace elsewhere when I got there.

We left out that fifth dimension in our figuring -- we forgot about the timewhen that is needed to locate any point along a time line.

I'm still working on it, Dan -- look me up in the nuthatch when you get back, will you?

Love,

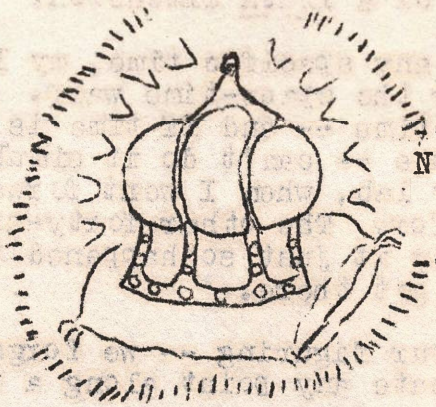
Judy

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Yes, this is a Bok. . . .





N O  
G R E A T E R  
G L O R Y

by Donald A. Wollheim

"Certainly there is no honor high enough to bestow upon our great visitor."

The solemn handsome heads of the leaders of the greatest nation in the great world that majestically circles the star-sun of 61 Cygni nodded in unison.

"For our benefactor, nothing is too much. We have given him all, but we must do even more -- we must take him unto our very selves."

Again the august heads nodded and their eyes strayed across the great golden parapet to the fields below where their visitor wandered slowly by himself, enjoying the perfumes of the afternoon air and the glories of the two brilliant suns of their system.

"He has rescued our world from isolation. He has brought us contact with the peoples of other planets of the universe. He has brought us an invitation from the magnificent culture of his native Earth to sit with them in the halls of Cosmical Harmony."

A tear of gratitude found its way to many an eye of that high conclave. Many a listener felt stirred to the core, even as he had been many times before by the revelations their visitor from the heavens had given them.

"He has come from the skies in his marvelous vessel of metal and glass. He has shown us the fires that may travel us through the skies; he has given us the keys to the heavens."

Eyes strayed to the distant white marble building afar on the verdant plain. In that building, the man from Earth, the wonder giver, had opened freely and graciously the wonders of Terrestrial science to the peoples of Osiris, asking nothing in return.

"We have heap upon him all the honors our world is capable of. Though our science was great and our philosophy high, he gave us knowledge we had not dreamed of and thoughts beyond our furthest meditation."

Again the little audience -- the most esteemed men of this populous world -- was moved to agree whole-heartedly.



"But we must go further. There is one honor we have failed to bestow upon him. That we must remedy or we shall remain disgraced before future generations of our civilized people."

Heads nodded slowly, solemnly, with a touch of overwhelming reverence.

"We must take him to our very own. We must make him part and parcel of us. We must join him with our people and forever with those to come, to belong in body to all future generations, so that no man in ages to come may say he is without him."

Again the conclave nodded.

"We are agreed upon his final honor, then. I regret that we can do no more. But our world and culture, alas, has its limits. And this then is the noblest gift we can make to him. Go then," the speaker motioned to two of the noblest and greatest. "Go then and escort him hither."

So they went, and they conveyed the visitor from Earth to the conclave. And there, with the finest ceremony they were capable of, and with genuine feeling and emotion, they joined him to the body of the people of Osiris for all time.

And after they had finished eating him, the whole nation joined in prayer and thanksgiving.

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S T R I C T L Y      C O N F I D E N T I A L  
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by Satyrius

Note: Any resemblance between editor Garrideb and any actual person, living or undead, is sheerly coincidental.

Cast: Homunculus Garrideb, editor of Ghastly Fantatales  
Bluto, his secretary

Scene: Main office of Ghastly Fantatales. Discovered: Bluto sitting amidst a pile of mss. Enter Garrideb.

G: Morning, Bluto. Anything up?

B: Just a few rejections.

G: What about those?



B: Came in yesterday

G: Well, put them aside for a couple weeks. We gotta make it appear as if we read them.

(phone rings)

B: Ghastly Fantatales. Good morning. Stinking weather, sin't it? (aside) It's Burlap.

G: Hello, Burlap. What? You want to know how your story "I, Glubatsch" was received? (Looks at Bluto; Bluto holds his nose and makes violent gestures) Oh yes, Burlap. Came out last in the book. Everybody said it was putrid. Oh, I can't repeat what was in the letters -- obscene. That's right. I want you to do seven more for me, just like it. Bye.

B: Is Soupa doing the next cover?

G: Let me see. Doopa did the last one. Yes, we might get Soupa. No, begad, I have it. Something new, something startling. We'll let them collaborate on it and have a soupa-doopa cover.

(phone rings)

B: Ghastly Fantatales. Good morning. Frightful weather, isn't it? (aside) It's Hawxley.

G: Hello, Hawxley. What? You didn't like the changes I made in your story? Well, I'm sorry, Hawxley, but these things have to be done. What? You want to know how the story made out? (Looks at Bluto; Bluto smiles broadly and nods his head vigorously.) Oh yes, Hawxley. Everybody said it was wonderful. Better than Merritt. Better than Lovecraft. Better than Skylarks. You see how it is, Hawxley. I'm sorry, too, but I've no choice in the matter; we just can't use your stuff. Bye.

B: Circulation department wants you to ring them.

G: Okay. Hello. Garrideb speaking. What? The April book lost \$875.50? How did that fifty cents get in? Oh, you got in a crap game. Well, I'm not surprised at all. Always said there was no money in science fiction. Bye.

B: Want the distribution department?

G: Yes. Hello. Distribution? Are the quarterlies back yet? They are? No, don't make up another batch right away. We're going to try something new. An annual. Yes. Bind three of the quarterlies together and have Soupa do a cover. Bye.

B: What about that cover by the new artist, Harg?

G: Oh yes, that. Too arty. Wait, have an idea. We'll put it on the back. And write a science feature around it. Who did the science feature last month?



B: Professor Nottingham.

G: Oh yes, I remember. Had to re-write it. Too technical. Well, perhaps you'd better do it this month, Bluto. Use the name -- oh, say Wilmer Wichitau, D So. World-famous authority. Anything on the blotter?

B: Your writeup on Horace Higgleddy-Hagg.

G: Oh yes, the new writer. Must do an autobiographical sketch on him. Fine man, Horace. Think I'll have him born in St. Petersburg, an Antarctic explorer at the age of eight, discoverer of a new process at the age of thirteen, and a soldier-of-fortune from fifteen to twenty. Must make these people interesting. Fact stranger than fiction.

(phone rings)

B: Ghastly Fantatales. Good morning. Stinking weather, isn't it? (aside) It's Wertenberg, the fan.

G: Oh, hello, Wert. You want some dope on forthcoming issues for your fan sheet? Ah yes. Well, we have some real stink-- fine stories coming up. Yes, very fine. First class. Let's see: there's a new Gummingsley novel. Has a new twist in it. Yes. Heroine has a wooden leg. Then there's a brand new story by a great new writer with a fresh outlook. About a scientist. He's brilliant but he's mad. Threatens to blow up earth at twelve o'clock unless they make him dictator. So the hero and heroine work out a ray that will turn him into pocket fuzz. But they haven't time to perfect it. They finally get finished at 11:45, and turn on the power. Terrific suspense while the minutes roll by. Then the clock begins to strike twelve. He says: "Darling, if this is the end, I will love you always." Terrific love scene. What? What happens? The planet blows up. Bye.

B: Oh yes, Mr. Garrideb. Mr. Rafferty and Mr. Spoyle want to see you. Something about the magazine, I think.

G: They do, eh? Well, that's not surprising. I know what's on their mind. They probably want to know why the circulation has been going down. Always said there was no money in science fiction.

(curtain)

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B: Professor Nottingham.

G: Oh yes, I remember. Had to re-write it. Too technical. Well, perhaps you'd better do it this month. Right. Use the name -- oh, say Wilmer Whistler, P.O. World-famous authority. Anything on the history?

B: Your writing on George Higley-Hagg.

G: Oh yes, the new writer. Must do an autobiographical sketch on him. Fine man, Horace. Think I'll have him come in St. Peters- burg, an Antarctic explorer at the age of eight, discoverer of a new process at the age of fifteen, and a soldier-of-fortune from fifteen to twenty. Must make these people interesting. Best stranger than fiction.

(phone rings)

B: Greatly interested. Good morning. Stinking weather, isn't it? (sigh) It's Wednesday, the ten.

G: Oh, hello. Well, you want some help on forthcoming issues for your fan speed? Ah yes, well, we have some real strike- fine stories coming up. Yes, very fine. First class. Let's see, there's a new Gump-style novel. Has a few twists in it. Yes, Horace has a wooden leg. Then there's a brand new story as a great new writer with a fresh outlook. About a scientist. He's brilliant but he's a bit. Excuse me to draw up extra as follows: work out a way that will turn him into a great man. He's never's time to get back to. You'll really get finished at 11.15. and turn on the power. Turn the ampere with the window tell by. Then the clock begins to strike twelve. He says: "Ustina, if this is the end, I will love you always." Turn the lever down. What? What happens? The planet how no. Bye.

B: Oh yes, Mr. Gump. Mr. R. Terry and Mr. Spivey want to see you. something about the magazine. I think.

G: They do, oh, well, that's not surprising. I know what's on their mind. They probably want to know why the circulation has been going down. Always said there was no money in science fiction.

(continues)

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